F. Freeman

BELLEVUE AND ALLIED HOSPITALS

~~TUBERCULOSIS~~ DIVISION

BELLEVUE HOSPITAL

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NEW YORK

NEW YORK, N.Y. STA. B
MAR 20
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1919
GRAND CENTRAL STA.

J. M. Freedman, Esq.,
Hr. Goodyear Building,
Memphis, Tenn.

March 20, 1919.
Thursday 9.20 A.M.

Dearest Posey: —

Have just received your letter of Monday. Honey, I cannot describe to you the anxiety I went through Tuesday & Wednesday. Called Rose up early this morning & was relieved to know they received mail from you this morning. Posey, did you write to me Sunday? That letter is missing and caused all that mischief. Am mailing this early as I know you will be puzzled & worried after yesterday's letter. Honey, if you failed to write me Sunday — well — I shall wait until I hear whether you did or not before I tell you what I am going to do. They certainly have a lame post office system. I called up the main post office last night and asked if there was any delay

in the Lenox mail and was told "no." After that, I was sure something had gone wrong, and it was all I could do, to wait until the morning, in order to telegraph, I hope, dear, it never happens again, as it is enough to drive me crazy. For my dreams last night, I did not sleep, only kept doking off. I was having fights with letter carriers.

I shall, dear, be on the look out for the gift you sent me. Thank you, honey dear, and you can rest assured, I'll accept it in the spirit it was sent. No matter what it is, dear, you sent it to me, and that is all I want. By now, I hope you have received my gift. Rose sent you some cakes from the pastry shop as a gift from my mother. Your mother, honey, I did not think well enough after the strain she went through, to take cakes. So love. I hope you will enjoy them. My mother wanted to send you a little something, and as it turned out, I thought you would like that. Hope they do not reach you all smashed. It was kind of Rose to buy and pack them for me, as you know, I get so little time to run home.

Yes, love, Helen, is a dear. Expected to go up there last night, but it rained, and so may go up to-night. Have not seen the Feiber's lately, but hope to, soon.

I am afraid, honey, that that was chiefly responsible for my not receiving a letter Sunday. Hey? Oh, Hey, Hey! In your very last letter, which I received, that was Saturday, you wrote she

are wild about you. No mail for 2 days. aha! the mystery is solved! Sherlock Holmes.

Well, dear, I have been scribbling this at the rate of a mile a minute, as I want you to get the as early as possible so that you will understand my yesterday letter. I must say I was simply frantic with worry.

Shall close now, hurry, with all my love, hugs and kisses. Dear Heart you hardly know how much I love you.

Your everloving wife
Frances.

P.S. Ray has always apologized to me for not writing & giving the excuse that the baby keeps her so busy. The cam- stantly sends her regards & love to you through me, however. She'd write soon.